Father Peters's APOLOGY TO THE POPE FOR HIS Miscarriages in England.

Pope. SO Monsieur *Petre*, What News from the *English*-Court? How stand the Affairs of our *Holy Mother* there? What Progress in our Designs? Does our Intended Reformation thrive? What number of Converts? Is the Army new Modell'd, and all things ready for the main point? Come tell us, Mr. *Petre*, for I am big with Expectation.

Petre. May it please your Holiness we are all undone, I Vow.

Po. Now, as I hope to be Sainted, I must tell you, you are an unmannerly blunt Fellow, to put me into such a Fright of a suddain: That Rebellious Son of mine, at *Paris*, has so often disorder'd me, with the Apprehension of his *Dragoons*, and *Military Contributions*, that every hard Word I hear, is as bad as a Fit of an *Ague* to me; and I had rather lose my Eyes or my Ears, than receive a *Memorial* from *France*, it smells so horridly, I fancy, of Powder and Match: But now I am recover'd, prithee, What is the matter?

Pet. Why, *Sir*, you must muster up all your Courage to hear what I am going to relate, and truly, nothing but the satisfaction of having Escaped, could encourage me to make a Repetition of the Danger.

Po. What Danger do you mean? I thought *England* was as safe a place as the *Conclave* here.

Pet. Ay, and so it was, till a parcel of ill-natur'd *Dutch-Men* came and spoil'd good Company, and made us give over House-Keeping; they would, indeed, have provided a sort of a scurvy Lodging for some of the Chief of us; but being very nice in the choice of my Appartments, I made shift to provide for my self.

Po. What, then I understand our last and great Pillar whereon our Interest in *England* leant is fallen, fallen, never to be recovered: And now, I'll warrant, you are come to make a lamentable Apology for the Defeat, though nothing but your own hot-headed Council ruin'd the Design.

Pet. May it please your Holiness, my Endeavors and Abilities to serve Your Holiness and this Court, I humbly conceive, need not a Confirmation, and —

Po. Yes, *Sir*, I must confess you have some Qualifications of a Man for our business. But, *Sir*, if Impudence be the greatest Virtue you can boast of, you may serve indeed for an *Executioner*, but never for a *Privy Counsellor*. I told you, I fear'd your hard Riding would cost you a Fall.

Pet. Sir, with Submission, all Circumstances consider'd, I could do no less, for what with the Fears on the one side, and Encouragements on the other, it had been Madness to have misspent or lost so much as one hour. Be pleased to consider, the King was far gone in his Declension, and how impossible it seem'd to do any thing by fair means, with that scrupulous Generation.

Po. Ay, *Sir*, but one would think a Man of Discretion should, at least, so manage his Projects, as that every Eye should not be able to see their nakedness.

Pet. Your Holiness has a piercing Judgment indeed: But I presume you will not say, our Misteries were liable to every easie Interpretation: Did not we keep up an Army, contrary to Law, with the bare pretence of the King's Martial Disposition, and that it tended no farther than to make an appearance of Grandeur? Did we not prepare the People, by our *Jesuits*, *Monks*, &c. to all Changes whatsoever, by Preaching up the necessity of Obedience, even without Reserve? And if we could but have brought our Two Friends of *Holland* to have encouraged the Taking off the *Tests*, they would have sav'd us abundance of Labour, and have been themselves accessary to their Destruction: But the Devil ow'd us an everlasting Chain, and I fear he has paid us home.

Po. O dear, *In nomine Patris & Filii*, &c. I wonder, *Sir*, at your Rudeness to name the Devil in my Company: why, pray *Sir*, you speak of him with as little concern, as you would of an Old Acquaintance: Pray, *Sir*, let us be as quiet as we can while you are here, and the Devil and you go together afterwards, if you love his Company so well. But, pray *Sir*, had not you a Politick Stroke in another Grand business of State too; you can guess what I mean.

Pet. Lord, *Sir*, that was my Master-piece, 'twas a Design well laid, and I do not doubt will come in Play again yet.

Po. Oh! yes the Ground-work was good, the Foundation was laid to your hand, in a President of the same nature, and yet you built, by your favour, but very awkardly upon it.

Pet. Nay, nay, question that and take all: Pray, *Sir*, What can prove the Validity of a Cause better than an answerable Effect.

Po. Yes, yes, you are in the right of it thus far, let us Talk big at least, now we are Loosers especially: But between you and I, there were such palpable Contradictions in your Reports of it, that an ordinary *Naturalist*, or indeed *Arithmetitian* might have reduc'd you to a Non-plus about it.

Pet. Why truly, *Sir*, we had so many Irons in the Fire at once, that we could not dis-engage our selves clearly of any of them; and, according to the *English* Proverb, *Between two Stools we let fall the Dish.* But the first opportunity your Holiness shall be pleased to grant, I shall endeavor to make your Holiness sensible, that most of our Designs have been both Prudently laid and managed; and, that nothing but an over-ruling Providence could have defeated or ruin'd them.

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